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A Mercy Killing

by [Lunari](#)

Summary

Dr. Angela Ziegler is called home from a mission to aid with the fallout from Ana Amari's death. What she finds when she returns sets her on a dark path.

Notes

This is mostly canon. The only divergences are: Ana Amari is dead, not just in hiding and I'm twisting the timelines to make it work. Fareeha was in Overwatch at the time of her mother's death.

Prologue

Angela Ziegler stepped into the dark and frigid room, her fingers searching the wall for a light switch. When she found nothing despite many swipes against the wall, she relented and raised her phone with a mumbled ‘Athena, flashlight please’ and the room illuminated.

The blonde had to blink a few times to right her vision before searching around the room for anything remotely personal. Photos, clothing, a nearly unused bottle of perfume. She found a box stuffed with letters beneath the bed, all addressed to Fareeha, all with varying amounts of dust. All unsent.

She sighed as she searched, mind reeling from the news of her friend’s death, the autopsy she would need to perform, the grieving girlfriend waiting on her. She would need to get the psych evaluations completed on Ana’s strike team as soon as she was back to the Watchpoint.

She rifled through the room a bit longer before deeming it empty of anything her girlfriend would want, all confiscated items in a large tote by the door. She made her way out of the room, doctor’s muscles straining against the weighted box. Shoulders strained from the weight of the message she was about to deliver to her lover.

One should never have to tell someone that their mother was dead.

Fareeha Amari sat in the corner of her room, mission report in her hand. The paper was already wrinkled from her belligerent crumpling and heaving it at a wall. It was already smudged from the amount of tears that had fallen.

She had refused to believe it at first, screaming at Jack for lying to her, lying about her mother. It was there in black and white. The details of her mother’s mission were written down with almost a mechanical pacing, screaming of a fabricated story. There had to be some mistake, some punchline to this morbid jest. Jack assured her it was all true with a cold expression. Her yells turned to cries of despair when the man handed her some of Ana’s effects left at the Watchpoint with an apology and standard offering of support if she needed anything. He’d already brought her world crumbling around her, what more did he expect her to need.

She’d slammed the door in his face.

Now she sat against the wall in misery, desperately wishing for *anyone*, even Jack, to knock on her door, anyone to hold her as she cried. For Angela to come running in, scoop her into her arms and sing to her, hold her, cry with her until the world stopped turning black. For her mother to come waltzing in complaining about Jack's terrible idea of jokes.

Jack...

Tear filled eyes scanned over the items left by the Strike Commander, a few familiar items amongst them. Badge, jacket, beret. There was something nestled among the items that she didn't immediately recognize. Some morbid sense of curiosity urged her to pick up the item, grasping it delicately in her hands as if it contained her mother's very life. It was a leather wrapped glass cylinder that she recalled seeing on her mother's arm a few times when she left for missions.

She pricked her finger against the needle affixed to one end, her mind going woozy at the action. When her head stopped spinning she gave the sleep dart a hard look. She swallowed thickly, eying the needle, desperate for a reprieve from this insanity masquerading as reality. She couldn't do this right now, this forced acceptance of a reality she refused to believe in. She wanted to have the will to face it, but her mother was the source of her strength. With a keening sob, she pulled herself into the corner, arms wrapping around her stomach as she braced her temple against the wall. The sobs shook her to her core as she mourned for her mother, her best friend, her constant ally. She cried for the woman Ana was to the world and to her team. She wept as she remembered every single petty fight, every argument.

The last words she spoke to her mother had been cruel and now the chance to apologize was ripped from her. The regret ate at her, stomach curdling as the world closed in around her. The longer she sat, the more she realized: no one was coming through that door, not Angela who was deployed, not her mother who lay in a morgue, not Jack who couldn't care less. There was no one else for her. She'd lost one of the two people who loved, hells *cared* about her.

She was alone.

As Angela came to a stop outside of the small home Fareeha owned, she exhaled roughly and shook out her shoulders. This was not the way she imagined first seeing Fareeha after her extended mission. She'd wanted some sort of romantic night of dinner and a long, chat filled stroll through a park, perhaps cuddles under a worn blanket as Fareeha made her watch cheesy war movies from the 2020s, maybe a night where the Egyptian didn't let her leave the bed.

Not showing up at her house with a box of her deceased mother's things.

She gave herself another mental slap on the back and pulled herself from the car. She grabbed up the box of items and walked to the front door, wedging the box between her hip and the side of the house so she could work the door. *When one is an army, locked doors are pointless I suppose.* She mused with a quiet chuckle.

She walked into the small sitting room, a sympathetic smile already in place. The smile and the box fell as her blue eyes took in the room, the items in a haphazard pile next to Fareeha's crossed legs. Fareeha who sat in the corner, dried tear tracks on her cheeks, needle protruding from her forearm.

Fareeha who sat cold and lifeless.

Angela's world shattered as she stumbled over the fallen belongings at her feet, rushing to reach the pilot. Her fingers gripped at pulse points, ear dropping to Fareeha's chest. No sound greeted her, no movement beneath her fingertips. She had Fareeha on her back with a few quick tugs and began resuscitation, begging Swiss prayers between breaths. After a few useless rounds of attempting to bring the pilot around, she gave a deep growl that broke into a sob.

"Athena." She called, voice breaking from the strain of holding back screams, knowing her phone would activate and the AI would do her bidding. Her vision was too blurry to work the screen anyway. "Get Jack Morrison on the line."

A soft blue pulse of light cast an eerie glow around the room as her request was acknowledged. "Understood. Calling Jack Morrison." The AI responded. "Dr. Ziegler, if I may be so bold?"

"I know what you're going to say, Athena. Just," Angela reached out to tuck a lock of midnight hair behind Fareeha's ear, finger trailing over a cold cheekbone. "Just give me a moment." She wasn't sure how long it took for Morrison to answer the call, she spent the entire time focused on fighting the wracking sobs trying to rattle from her chest. When the gruff answer rang through the phone, she broke completely.

"Jack, I-" And she was shaking, sobbing, dry heaving as she curled forward, forehead against the cold pilot, fingers digging into her sleepwear. Shouts from the Strike Commander could be heard through the speaker, commands for Athena to pull up GPS on Angela, ready a drop ship, *stay on the line, Angela.*

The doctor merely nodded, a useless effort. As useless as she felt.

Widowmaker

Fingers closed around hers in a comforting gesture, tugging slightly until blue eyes met brown. Fareeha gave her a small, reassuring smile as she lead her into the small sitting room. The pilot sat on the couch and pulled her down to sit beside her, hand running along her stiff spine.

“Angela, if you’re not ready then you’re just not ready. We can do this another time.” Fareeha’s voice was quiet and calm and completely understanding of the doctor’s nervousness. This was why Angela loved her. This selfless, awe-inspiring woman who ensured the safety of everyone around her was Angela’s. And yet she was nervous about telling her mother.

Angela knew it was no secret that Fareeha preferred women. It was no secret that Angela preferred being alone in her lab. And perhaps, if one looked hard enough, they’d see the introverted streak that ran deep through Fareeha, that called for her to escape to the med bay even when she wasn’t holding herself together with her flight suit. They’d see the small looks passed between the two at meals, the tiny inflections of voices over the comms, the increase of concern during missions.

Angela’s heart stuttered. Ana was the top sniper, she’d have noticed. She noticed everything. Mien Gott, she already knows. Angela thought, eyes wide with panic. And then like a lighthouse on a choppy sea, there was Fareeha, holding her, smoothing her hair and crooning comforting words into her ear. Gods but did she love her pilot, her strength, her soulmate, her everything. She would face Ana Amari for this woman. She would face anything for this woman.

It was at this time that the door slid open and Angela jerked back from the warm, comforting arms, choosing to sit straight as a pin on the edge of the couch, hands held awkwardly in her lap.

“Fareeha, please give us a moment.” Ana said with no preamble. Angela swallowed nervously, wide blue eyes following the pilot as she stood, kissed her mother on the cheek and left. “Stop looking like a scared fawn, Dr. Ziegler.” Angela’s eyes snapped back to the woman and she took a steady breath. “I know that you’re in a relationship with my daughter. I can also tell by your reaction that you were terrified to tell me.” Angela merely nodded, blush coloring her cheeks as she dropped her eyes to her lap and her twiddling fingers. At Ana’s next words, her eyes shot back to the woman. “As you should be.”

“A-Ana, I-”

“Fareeha is my daughter, my only child, she is all I have in this world. You best remember that should you decide this was only a fling or a way to distract yourself.”

Angela bristled at the accusation, hands clenching on her knees. “I would never harm Fareeha. She is everything to me.”

“So you say.” Ana said with a shrug.

“I love her. I would never bring her pain, I’ll be shielding her from the pain.” Angela insisted, hands clenching and relaxing.

“I won’t be here forever. I won’t be able to protect her forever.” Ana’s voice was distant but piercing and the swift change of mood nearly made Angela dizzy. “Promise me that you’ll take care of her, shield her as you say you will.”

“Of course.” Angela said without hesitation, face set in a firm expression.

“Look me in the eye and promise me that you’ll do everything in your power to keep her happy.”

Angela swallowed, nodding, words on the tip of her tongue. She looked up to make eye contact and-

her eyes locked on the mangled mess that was Ana Amari’s right temple. Her years of training and experience kept the bile from rising to her mouth but the tears, they were harder to fight. She shook her head and took a steady breath. The sooner she finished up the sooner she could get the psych evaluations completed. She brought gloved hands to the destroyed eye socket, searching the wound for fragments.

Blue eyes shot to the left side of Ana’s face. With Angela’s arms in the way, blocking her view of the shattered remains of her skull, Ana looked completely fine. Dark skin smooth and mostly blemish-free, only a dark sunspot on her cheek.

No, she’s gone. Angela reminded herself, thumb digging into the gore of Ana’s skull to ground herself in the moment. She’s gone and Fareeha’s gone and there’s no one left for you. Angela sniffed as her eyes misted once more but a mewling sound from her throat brought her back to the present. She shook herself again with a feral growl and finished her preliminary search. She was just dropping a few fragments into a container when the door to the bay opened.

Angry blue eyes shot to the door, words of beratement already launching in the newcomer’s direction. “Did you not see the sign? I was not to be disturbed!” Further yelling halted as she

locked eyes on Jack. The man stood rooted at the door, refusing to look at the autopsy table.

“We’ve got her shooter in holding. Finish here and get a profile worked up on her.” She made to argue, to remind him of the strike team’s need for such evaluation but he cut her off with a firm voice and a haunted expression. “This takes priority.” And with that, he turned and left.

Angela grumbled and slammed her tweezers to the tray with a huff. Her eyes trailed back to Ana and her throat began to close, panic setting in. *She’s dead. Ana’s dead. She’s laying on the autopsy table with half her skull missing. She’s not coming back, you can’t fix this. You can’t do anything to help. You’re worthless.*

With a feral yell Angela heaved the tray of tools across the room, the metallic clanging jarring her ears as it ricocheted off the wall. Clenched and bloody fists came up to jam against her temples as she crumpled to the floor with a sob.

You can’t bring her back. You can’t bring Fareeha back. If you hadn’t taken so long getting Ana’s things, you could have stopped her from picking up that needle. If you had just waited to get Ana’s things, you could have been there for Fareeha. Why weren’t you with your lover? Why can’t you fix her?

Angela was rocking now, mumbling her questions to herself as tears ran down her face, water droplets dripping over her lips and being cast out by her breathy words. She curled forward, resting her sweaty forehead against the frigid floor. “I can’t fix her. I can’t fix her. I can’t fi-” She froze, eyes wide in realization. “I can’t fix Fareeha. But I can avenge her.” Her eyes shot to the door where Jack had just stood, resolve burning through her. She rose to her feet and stumbled to the door, snatching up a fallen scalpel as she passed. She tucked the knife into the sleeve of her turtleneck and grabbed up some surgical straps, those went into the pocket of her lab coat along with a syringe of Ana’s sleep serum.

On her way out of the door, she called an order to the Overwatch AI. “Athena, call Martin to finish up the autopsy.” The AI acknowledged her request with a low tone and blue flash of light.

The trip to interrogation was quick, just a few quick strides down the hall and to the left. She paused at the keypad, fingers hovering over the screen as she glanced down the hall to check for passersby. She huffed out a breath, one hand in her pocket fiddling with the G-clamps at the end of the straps, metal clinking musically together. Angela quickly tapped in the override code to the door and entered.

“Athena, privacy.” She commanded with a cold tone, eyes piercing as they dug into the back of the woman sitting cuffed at the table. The glass observation windows shuttered and Angela heard

the metallic hiss of the door locking behind her. Once the room was secured, Athena's small sensor light above the door blinked off.

Angela stepped up behind the shooter, judging the strength of the cuffs that kept her strapped to the chair with a critical eye. The woman didn't move, didn't acknowledge Angela's presence even as the doctor's stomach brushed against the messy ponytail.

"I was sent to perform an evaluation." Angela's voice was ice. "I doubt we'll get that far." A pale hand snapped forward and fisted in dark hair. "You took something precious from me." And with that, she jerked the woman's head back and her stomach plummeted. "A- Amélie?"

The woman, Amélie, merely smirked, eyes half-lidded in a confident stare. "If they didn't send the pacifist... I was worried for a moment." Amélie made a small tutting noise. "Go find someone that has a chance at breaking me in this den of do-gooders. I'll wait."

Angela snapped, free hand flying forward to grasp at the woman's jaw, grinning to herself as she felt the joint creak. A bolt of excitement shot through the doctor when she saw Amélie's eyes dart to the locked door. "No one else is coming for you." The hand dropped from her hair to fumble in a pocket, the only warning before a prick at her neck and Amélie's eyes dropped shut.

When the assassin came to, she was laying on the table, handcuffs still secure around her wrists, digging painfully into the small of her back. Firm nylon straps ran across her body, completely immobilizing her.

Angela sat in the corner on Amélie's abandoned chair, twirling a scalpel between the fingers of her right hand. The flash of harsh lights against the steel was mesmerizing to the woozy Frenchwoman. "Dr. Ziegler." Amélie began, voice still a bit slurred. "Are you trying to play the part of interrogator, Angela?"

Angela remained motionless aside from the scalpel dancing between her fingers and a slight narrow of her eyes. "You are the reason my friend is dead." The words were said in an eerily calm tone.

"Oh, Ana. Yes well, she was getting too close." Amélie scoffed. "We all know that anything must be done to survive, yes? Survival is, after all, your goal." Dark eyes shot over to the doctor. "Or should I tell our dear friend Gabe that you've changed your mind?"

Angela bristled but remained seated, continuing on with her accusations instead of rising to the

woman's bait. "Because of you, Fareeha is dead." She was amazed her voice didn't crack over the words. She leaned forward slightly, eyes glinting over a maniacal smile. "But I have to thank you Amélie."

The words caught the assassin off guard and she blinked owlishly at the blonde. "Because of you, I have nothing to lose. Because of you, I can finally give in to that voice that begs me to just let my enemies die instead of wasting valuable nanites to heal them. Because of you, I see now who my true enemies are." Angela stood, hand sweeping down Amélie's cheek in a nearly motherly gesture, thumb stroking over her right eyebrow. "They're the comrades that swore to protect. They're the team that should have had Ana's back. They're the 'family' that should have been there for Fareeha." A pale thumb sank into the soft eye socket. "So thank you Amélie."

To the assassin's credit, Angela only pulled a small hiss of pain from her before her thumb was withdrawing. *But that's not why we're here.* The blonde nodded, agreeing with the small voice. A small hand clenched around the scalpel as she leaned close to the woman.

"I've read the mission report. I know what you did to Ana." Her thumb hooked against Amélie's eye socket once more. "Bullet entry into right orbicularis oculi, exit through the occipital region." Here her fingertips dug into the back of Amélie's head, nails cutting through flesh.

Angela brought her face nearly nose to nose with the bound woman. "Do you think she felt fear? Pain? Despair? Do you think the only reason she didn't fire first was because she wanted to spare a friend?" Amélie's eyes shuttered briefly. Angela grinned, an out of place expression on her twisted face. "I'll show you no such mercy."

The doctor sank the scalpel into the fleshy socket and Angela smiled, her face lighting up with a sick glee as Amélie's first scream tore from her throat. As the blade dug deeper, the blonde leaned down, crooning into Amélie's ear. "Don't worry, this won't kill you." She chuckled as Amélie began to seize. "You see, just a precise nick and then you'll begin bleeding and oh no!" She paused, playing out her faked gasp of worry. "There's only so much room in your skull, where will all of that blood go, I wonder?"

Make her suffer. Make it slow. Don't let her die easily. Ana didn't have that. Ana was alone.

You did nothing to help Ana, she was laying there dead and you did nothing but sit in your lab.

You were supposed to be on that strike team. You should have been th-

With a final plunge Angela stood and took in the woman strapped to the table, scalpel and blood and tears and bile and she smiled. "Good bye, Amélie." And she turned and left, locking the door

behind her.

Reinhardt

Dark arms tightened around Angela as the pair sat in an oak tree's shade in the watchpoint's courtyard. Fareeha's chin stretched forward to rest on the blonde's shoulder as they relaxed. Angela sighed happily, leaning her head back to rest her cheek against her girlfriend's and she smiled, giggling as Fareeha snuck a kiss onto her temple. Pale hands came up to stroke Fareeha's bare arms, giving them a firm squeeze.

"I missed this." Came Fareeha's deep rumble against the shell of her ear and at Angela's questioning hum, continued. "Just us, a moment to ourselves." Her arms tightened around the doctor.

"Well, nearly to ourselves." Angela mused, leaning her head in the direction of the other two occupants of the courtyard. Ana and Reinhardt sat on the other end of the grassy yard at a picnic table, the sniper trailing her fingers over the soldier's meaty arm as it rested against weathered wood. The pair watched the older couple in silence save for some muted chuckles as the veterans flirted, lost in their own world.

A happy sigh from the blonde in her arms. "I want that."

Fareeha glanced down at her girlfriend, dark eyes drifting closed, content smile on her full lips. "You want to be old and corny?" She asked with a chuckle.

Angela hummed, pressing her back against Fareeha's chest. "As long as it's with you."

Both sat in silence for a moment after Angela's whispered admittance. Angela was nervously fidgeting, afraid she'd broached the topic too soon. Fareeha was lost in her daydream, superimposing a mental image of her and the blonde over her mother and Reinhardt, imagining Angela gently aged, skin still smooth but beginning to wrinkle, smile still as brilliant as ever. Fareeha's arms tightened around the blonde once more, lips dropping to pepper kisses on her pale neck. Angela's head dropped to the side to allow the woman more access.

Angela's hand reached up to card through black silk, grinning as the kisses chased away the worry that had built up in her chest. Her hand froze at Fareeha's next words.

"I love you." The phrase was whispered into pale skin, Angela's breath hitching as she nearly shut down to process the declaration. After a few tense moments of silence, Angela turned in Fareeha's arms and raised to her knees, hands moving up to frame mocha cheeks.

Blue eyes bore into umber before darting down to Fareeha's lips, pink tongue darting out to wet her lower lip before she leaned down. The kiss was gentle, a simple connecting of lips but the emotion behind it nearly brought both women to tears. Angela pulled back with a quick peck to her girlfriend. "I love you, Fareehali."

A mocha hand rose to brush back platinum bangs as Angela caressed Fareeha's jawline, eyebrows furrowing as a tear fell from an umber eye. She smoothed her fingers over the wet skin to dry it but another fell. Fareeha smiled at her, turning her face to kiss at the damp fingers. Angela merely sat, eyes following the tear as it rolled down-

the aged cheek before disappearing into the white beard tracing Reinhardt's cheek. Angela stood at the edge of the room, arms crossed and braced against the wall as she admired her work.

The giant of a man sat in a chair in his quarters, bound to his seat. A small dose of Ana's sleep serum and the man had complied well enough to be maneuvered to his current location. A command for privacy to Athena ensured they would not be interrupted.

She'd had to move quickly after her visit with Amélie, thus the improvised location for Reinhardt. She had too much to do and now her crimes created a timeframe in which she needed to complete them. She sighed and shook her head. *No reason to continue fretting over it. What's done is done.*

A ragged breath from the man before her drew her attention and cold blue eyes shifted over his bound body. "Was there something you needed, Reinhardt?" She asked, voice full of a false sugariness that nearly set her teeth on edge.

"Angela... What's happened to you? Why are you doing this?" He asked, blinking rapidly to clear his eyes of any more tears. He tried shifting his arms to loosen the straps around his limbs but hissed in pain as the movement aggravated the small, surgical cuts along his forearms.

Angela pushed away from the wall and began a slow circle around the man. "I've always cared about fairness and doing what's right, wouldn't you say?" She ran her fingers through her bangs before plucking the scalpel from above her ear, tapping the handle against her chin in thought. "I've always preached the need for peace, never understood how you soldiers could ever believe that war made peace."

She chuckled to herself, pointing the scalpel at Reinhardt as she narrowed her eyes at him. "You passed that on to Fareeha. She always idolized you. Always looked up to you and what you stood for." *It was the one thing we fought over, her need to continue putting herself in danger.*

Well look where she is now. Dead. And not even from a fight.

She killed herself because you were too busy to help her.

She's gone because you thought she needed unused trinkets more than a hand to hold, a shoulder to cry on.

She needed you and you weren't there. She probably cried out for you, begged for you to come home and hold her.

She's dead because of you.

“She’s dead because of you.” Angela stated, glaring daggers at the giant.

Reinhardt’s head hung as he heaved a heavy sigh. “I know. Angela, believe me I know.” He shook his head as he no doubt played over the last few days in his mind. “Ana was everything to me and I failed her.” A hiccup that could have been a sob. “I failed everyone.”

“You were assigned to her strike team. You were meant to be her shield, her protector. And what, you left her to die? You stood aside and watched as she hesitated, watched as she took a bullet? Watched as she fell lifeless?” Angela was in his face now, eyes locked on his. Pale fingers traced over his shoulder and down a bicep. The scalpel was raised and in a blink, another cut was made.

Reinhardt bit back a pained groan as the blade cut through his skin, eyes darting down to watch as a thin stream of blood began winding its way down his arm, joining with other small rivulets as it went. Small hands moved to his wrist in a comforting manner and she gave a squeeze with a small smile on her lips.

“What’s happened to me, you ask?” Another cut made to the meat of his wrist and a gloved finger was digging into the incision. “I was called home to help my lover, my soulmate, grieve the loss of her mother. I was called home to help this fucked up family heal after the den-mother was murdered.” Fingernail dug into muscle as Angela braced against his arm to lean forward, nearly nose to nose. “I was asked these things and yet I was given the assignment of performing an autopsy on a woman who was like a second mother to me. Ignoring the need to check on the rest of Ana’s strike team’s mental health in favor of profiling her *murderer* for intel to help with her interrogation.”

No, you murdered Ana, not Amélie. If you had accepted the assignment to her team you would have saved her.

It's your fault you had to perform her autopsy.

Yours.

Angela growled, shaking her head to clear it of the voice hissing at her. She stood up, back straight as she looked down her nose at the giant. “Do you want to know what it felt like for Ana?” She withdrew a stained finger from his arm, bringing it up to stroke against his cheek in a macabre illusion of care. While he was distracted with the bloody digit against his face, Angela’s left hand plunged the scalpel down into his wrist.

The man roared in her face, straining against his binds as the severity of the situation became glaringly clear. Angela tutted as she began a slow circle around him. “Now now, Reinhardt. Don’t be so angry. This is after all, your own doing.” When she reached his other side, the scalpel was plunging down once more. “Those two nicks to your arteries will take a while to drain. It will be slow.”

But not slow enough. Not painful enough. He should suffer.

No, you should suffer.

I am already suffering.

Good.

“You’ll slowly drain out here on your bedroom floor, your friends just on the other side of the walls. Oblivious to your fate. Unaware of your cries for help, for pity, for reprieve. You will die here, Reinhardt. Alone.” The malicious grin grew on her face with every word she spoke, her small speech vibrating around the small concrete room. She cackled as she saw the horror etch its way across Reinhardt’s face.

With a final dig of fingers into the two incisions on his wrists to ensure their effectiveness, she stepped back and wiped her hands on a towel throw over the edge of the man’s desk. She scooped

up her trusty scalpel and tucked it once more into her sleeve before turning without so much as a goodbye to the man bleeding out behind her, and left.

The moment was certain his door was firmly closed and locked behind her, she broke. The tears came first before they mutated into gross hacking sobs. She cursed to herself as the voice resumed its chant of all of her faults, all of her mistakes and failures that lead her to this point. In a fit of rage, her fist lashed out, connecting to the steel paneling lining the hallway. The pain flared up through her arm, clearly broken knuckles, and for one blissful moment, her mental anguish stopped. Her mind was clear and focused and she felt alive again. Not this broken husk that she'd become since crying out on Fareeha's floor clutching at the woman's dead body, begging to wake up from the nightmare.

Another broken sob puffed past her lips and she sank to the floor, curling around herself as she wept. The fingers of her left hand digging into the broken knuckles of her right any time the voice returned, any time the world started closing around her.

She was broken, defeated. But she had a task to finish before she could begin repairs.

She had too much left on her list.

Strike Commander Morrison

Fareeha sat on the couch, legs thrown up on the cushions as she leaned against the armrest, Angela strewn across her lap as they relaxed during one of their rare off days.

Though Angela rarely used her off days for anything other than work and frantically compiling data from her various research projects, Fareeha was adamant that they spend this specific day together.

For someone in their line of work, reaching a two-year anniversary was a milestone.

Angela looked up from her perch on Fareeha's chest, eyes tracing along her girlfriend's strong jawline with a smile. Umber eyes glanced down to meet her gaze and the two shared a sweet smile. Strong arms tugged the doctor closer in a tight hug. Angela sighed as she stretched up to drop a kiss on her girlfriend's throat before tucking herself back into her warm cocoon of arms.

Fareeha only chuckled as she watched the blonde burrow her face into her chest, a dark hand moving up to trail fingertips over the bit of skin peeking out beneath the doctor's sweater. Angela sighed happily, eyes lazily tracing over the joins in the metal plating that made up the walls of the Watchpoint, hands fisting in Fareeha's loose t-shirt. "Love you." The blonde whispered through her smile, tucking her face against Fareeha's shirt to hide her blush.

"You've been saying that for months, ya amar," Fareeha whispered through her smirk. "And yet you still blush."

Angela reddened to the tips of her ears as she scurried further into Fareeha's clothing causing Fareeha to laugh before trapping the woman's chin between a hooked forefinger and thumb, tilting her face up to capture her lips. "You're adorable when you blush." Fareeha crooned against Angela's full mouth before closing the distance once more. The moment was short, a blip of perfect silence in the empty common room. Angela hummed as she dropped three quick pecks on her girlfriend's lips before pulling away with a grin, blue eyes darting to the door just as it opened.

Jack and Lena entered the common room chatting quietly. Jack made no indication that he saw the medic and pilot sprawled on the couch but Lena shot the two women an exaggerated wink and a click of her tongue. The two sat at a far table, heads lowered over a tablet. Fareeha followed them with a slightly confused expression, eyes dropping to her girlfriend in search of answers. Angela glanced between the pair at the table and Fareeha before scooting further up the muscled body to brace her chin against the woman's shoulder, breath licking at her ear as the blonde whispered.

“Ever since Lena joined up, Jack’s had a soft spot for her. They’re the only family they have left, I suppose.” Dark eyes flitted to the pair at the table, watching as they nodded to each other before standing, Jack swiping up the tablet and heading to the door that lead to the motor bay. Lena tossed the two women a salute before following after Jack, giggling as she-

entered the room, questioning look on her face. “Needed me, Ange?” Lena gave the side of her nose a scratch as she looked around the small side room off of the main med bay. Angela stood against her desk, arms crossed over her chest, hand gripping a small syringe. She hummed to herself as she pushed away from her perch, a half-cocked smile tugging at her lips as she moved to stand before the Brit.

Lena stared up at the slightly taller woman, eyes wide in shock as a pale hand moved up to cup her jawline. Blue eyes pierced into hazel as Angela’s thumb trailed along Lena’s lower lip. The Swiss cut off Lena’s oncoming question with a click of her tongue. “I did need you, Lena.”

Needed her. Needed her here.

Needed Fareeha. Need.

Need Fareeha here, not Lena.

“So what can I do for ya, doc?” Lena asked, edging away from the unsettling blonde.

Die.

Suffer.

Fear.

“Oh, just a second pair of eyes on a new serum.” Angela gave the syringe a wave, pride curling within her at the look of fear that crossed the woman’s face.

“O-oh?” Lena shifted on her feet, eyes darting to the door. “I’ll be honest with ya, doc. You’re scarin’ me a bit.”

Angela waved her off with a chuckle. “Oh, don’t worry, I’ve tested it before.” And with that, the doctor’s hand shot forward, gripping Lena’s elbow as she plunged the needle into her flesh. “Sweet dreams, Lena.” She nearly growled as the brunette’s eyes slipped closed and she crumpled to the ground.

“Athena, please have Jack come to med bay two,” Angela called, giving a firm shove to Lena’s prone body with her toe. The AI’s sensor briefly lit up as it recognized the request. With a huff, she began to drag Lena onto a nearby gurney, strapping her down once she was fully on the thin mattress.

Her eyesight became slightly blurry as she looked at the woman on the stretcher.

Fareeha... liebe...

No.

Tanned smooth skin, not scarred mocha.

Mousy brown hair, not lustrous black.

Breathing. Not dead.

A sob broke the silence and Angela spun on her heel, hand reaching for her trusty scalpel that lay on the back counter. A few deep breaths and a press of the blade against the pad of her thumb and she was centered, ready for the Strike Commander.

The door’s hiss was the only warning of the entering soldier. He froze in the doorway as he took in the small room. Angela stood with her head held high, hand gripping a bloodied scalpel against Lena’s jugular as she lay strapped to a gurney.

“Hello Jack, please have a seat.” Angela gestured to a strategically placed chair at the edge of Lena’s stretcher. When the man made no move to sit, Angela lowered the scalpel, blade biting into

the woman's neck. A choked sound from Jack and he was sitting, hands held out in a placating manner.

"Angela, what's gotten in to you?" He asked gruffly as he glanced between the sleeping Lena and the increasingly crazed Angela. The blonde merely grinned and braced her hip against the stretcher, hand casually holding the scalpel against Lena's throat as she crossed her arms.

"I've been quite busy, Jack," Angela said, eyes trailing over his tensed posture, hands gripping at the arms of the chair, feet poised beneath him.

He's going to fight.

Angela laughed.

He's going to fail.

She held up her free hand, silently asking him to wait. "Are you still a gambling man, Jack? I seem to recall quite a few extraction missions involving you and a casino or two."

Jack blinked as he tried to correlate the question with Angela's current position. She began a slow walk around Jack's chair and just as she was back into his line of sight, he felt the prick of a needle in the back of his shoulder. Adrenaline rushed to his limbs but they did not respond, instead, he sat sluggishly in the chair, angry eyes darting to Angela.

"Oh don't give me that look, Jack. The sedative will only affect extremities. It's similar to the serum I used to immobilize the infamous Widowmaker you so lovingly brought to holding." She moved to his front and crouched, hands moving his arms to rest in his lap. Her gaze flicked up to Jack's face, eying him through her lashes as she spoke. "I killed her, did you know?" She reveled in the look that crossed his face. Somewhere between shock, fear, and disgust.

He didn't know that she's laying in a pool of her own blood and gore in interrogation.

He's afraid of your motives now, he's afraid of you.

"Are you afraid, Strike Commander?" She brought up a hand to brush against his cheek, a

mocking gesture more than one of care or love. “It’s okay to cry.” She sat back, a grin stretching her mouth impossibly wide. “Reinhardt let a few tears fall, after all.”

The room fell into silence as Angela let the words sink in. She started to cackle when she saw the shift on Jack’s face. “Oh that’s right, I killed him too.” She stood and made her way to the back counter to the supply tray she’d prepared earlier. Fingers brushed over the five syringes placed along the blue cloth before grabbing up the tray and heading back to her captive.

“You see, I have a problem.”

You.

“I was sent on deployment to aid in disaster relief.”

By you.

“Then I was called home, emergency debrief I believe was the official reason.” Her fingers passed over the syringes again, realigning them to be perfectly equidistant once more. “I was unaware emergency debriefings had changed.”

Everything’s changed.

Nothing has changed.

She’s still dead.

She died afraid, lonely, helpless, longing for you or Jack or her mother or anyone to help her. She was scared. Fareeha was scared.

“Fareeha was scared.” The last of her thoughts forming to words as she rocked on her feet. She was scared and what, you had better things to do?” Jack growled, jaw twitching. “Oh, I’m sure you believe that bringing in the woman that murdered Ana was more important. But do you see? Your choices have consequences, Jack.”

She raised a hand to count off her points as she spoke. “Fareeha is gone, left alone to suffer, left

alone to die. Amelie is dead because you chose her over your grieving agent. Reinhardt bled out waiting for someone to find him. Perhaps if you'd sent Ana's team to their psych evaluations he'd be fine, but no, Amelie was again more important." She placed the tray on his lap.

"So now I'm going to ask you to make one more decision. One more choice." She raised a hand over the line of syringes. "Two of these are filled with a lovely nanite solution that will slowly break down any organic matter. Those injected with it will slowly die over the course of a week, eaten from the inside out." She grinned as Jack's face fell, the old soldier putting the pieces together.

"Three are simply saline solution. Harmless." Her fingers danced over the glass tubes. "So are you still a gambling man, Jack? Take your pick and Lena will live." The tension fell from his shoulders as his fear began to ebb. Angela's anger was with him, not the woman he thought of as a daughter. She was merely a tool for his cooperation. He sighed, eyes glaring at the syringes in his lap, trying to discern any visible difference but finding none. Truly a gamble.

He took a deep breath and squeezed out one word. "Three."

With a grin, Angela swiped up the third syringe and uncapped it, deftly plunging it into the soft flesh of Lena's stomach. Jack wheezed out a yell, body falling forward as every muscle strained to attack the blonde. His numb body landed on the floor with a sickeningly dull thud, cheek pressed into the cold concrete. Angela nudged him onto his back with a shove of her foot.

"You took someone precious from me, Jack," Angela explained as she began to fiddle with something on the stretcher, just out of his line of sight from his new position on the floor. A metal snap. A soft hum. "So now I'll take someone precious from you."

Jack's eyes grew impossibly large as the choral accelerator dropped to the floor next to him. He looked up at Lena's hand hanging from the edge of the gurney. A pained wail rattled in his chest as it winked from existence.

"You will live with the uncertainty of your biggest decision, Jack. In a week, Lena could be perfectly healthy, but now she's lost once again."

I'm lost.

I've lost.

“You’ve lost, Jack.” And with that, Angela stepped over his paralyzed form and exited the med bay.

Doctor Angela Ziegler

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The adrenaline was still pumping when Fareeha pushed Angela against the door to the Egyptian's quarters, fingers trapped in blonde tresses as her mouth slanted over the doctor's. Angela's hands gripped at Fareeha firmly, frantically, mouth breaking away so she could follow her hands with her tear filled eyes.

A dark hand caught one of Angela's. "I'm here, ya amar." Fareeha dropped a kiss to her temple, lips brushing sweat slicked hair as she spoke. "We're here, we made it."

Angela bit back a sob as her hands moved up to Fareeha's face, shaking fingers tracing the curl of her udjat. Fareeha's eyes fell closed as she nuzzled into Angela's palm, teasing the skin with a kiss. "You're here," Angela said firmly.

Sooty eyes opened and dark hands wrapped around Angela's waist, pulling her firmly into Fareeha's muscled body. One hand slid to the small of her back to keep her in place, the other moving up to caress her breast through the thin tank she threw on after their mission. "I'm here," Fareeha said against Angela's lips as she ran her thumb across a pebbled nipple. "I'm here." Her hand slid down to the drawstring of Angela's pants and pulled it free as she kissed a path down Angela's throat. "I'm here." She said firmly as her hand slipped beneath lounge pants and panties, fingers pressing between slick lips.

Angela cried a moan to the ceiling, head falling back against the door. Her knee hitched up to Fareeha's hip as the taller woman flicked against her clit, her hips rolling in response.

Angela could feel the smile against her neck, the small puff of air as her girlfriend chuckled. "Let's get you to bed, ya amar." And with that, Angela was lifted, strong and firm and alive hands gripping her thighs and carrying her to the bed in the far corner. Fareeha's lips were on hers again as she was laid back, the Egyptian crawling above her. A series of quick kisses and Fareeha was sitting up, Angela's eyes never leaving the glorious play of muscle as her soldier moved.

Muscle that had seized not three hours ago. Muscle that had frozen on the battlefield.

Sensing her lover's shift, Fareeha scooped up a pale hand and placed it against her chest. "Love, I'm here. I'm alive." Angela broke, eyes falling shut on unshed tears as she felt the strong and steady heartbeat beneath her palm. "You brought me back, ya amar." Fareeha peppered kisses

along Angela's temple, across her cheek and at the corner of her mouth, the hand still trapped beneath Angela's thigh gave her a reassuring squeeze.

Angela's small hand fisted in Fareeha's shirt and pulled her down, burying her face in the soldier's neck as a few tears slipped past her closed lids. Fareeha held her tightly in return, whispering sweet words and calming reassurances against her neck.

"If... what if I hadn't-" Angela hiccuped and Fareeha tried to silence her with gentle shushing and a warm hand smoothed over her hair, but Angela continued. *"What if I was too late? You were gone , Fareeha."*

Fareeha pulled away just enough to lock eyes with the blonde, hand sweeping away tears. "I. Am. Here." She said firmly, each word punctuated by a kiss along Angela's jawline. Angela dipped her head to catch Fareeha's lips in a desperate kiss, Fareeha inhaling sharply as Angela trapped her lower lip between her teeth and tugged.

Angela's knees moved up to trap Fareeha's hips, her hands sweeping down the muscled back hovered above her to tug the shirt roughly over Fareeha's head, breaking from the heated kiss only long enough to toss the shirt to the side. Fareeha merely tugged Angela's tank over her full breasts in her impatience to trap a nipple between her lips. A firm suckle and Angela was moaning, quivering into the sheets, hips rolling in a search for friction.

As an answer to her silent plea, Fareeha's hand was delving between silk lips, fingers delving inside Angela's tight entrance as her thumb pressed against her clit. Angela cried out, knees falling slack and her hand winding through black tresses as she mumbled Swiss words of endearment. Fareeha smiled around the nipple she was currently teasing as she caught a few familiar words. She pulled away to trail kisses along the valley between Angela's breasts, whispering her own in Arabic before drawing the neglected nipple into her mouth. Desire curled deeper within her at Angela's deep moan, at her walls clenching around her pumping fingers. With a smirk, Fareeha moved further down Angela's quivering body, leaving a bite mark on her hip along the way.

Angela's surprised yelp faded into a moan as Fareeha's tongue swept over her center and the pale hand stuffed in Fareeha's hair tugged her closer. Angela looked down, eager to watch her girlfriend, an erotic lick of heat teasing at her core as Fareeha locked eyes with her, flicking a purposeful lick against her sensitive clit.

Fareeha's fingers curl within her and Angela falls apart, a shuddered cry fading to a whispered "Mein Göttin..." as her orgasm sweeps through her. Once her breathing was somewhat steady, Angela trapped Fareeha's chin between her thumb and finger, tugging her back up for a searing kiss. Pale hands flitted to the waistband of Fareeha's loose pants but Fareeha's were there, stopping her with a grip on her wrists.

“No, ya amar, this was about you.” A loving kiss. “Just lay with me.” With that, Fareeha rolled to her side and tugged Angela against her, nose buried in blonde locks.

The two lay there for minutes or hours, basking in the afterglow of their quick moment of passion and the comfort of the other’s breath, Fareeha’s evening out as she fell into a deep sleep.

Angela shifted and pulled herself to sitting, leaning against the headboard with her knees tucked under her chin. She simply watched Fareeha as she slept, a gentle finger tracing over mussed black hair, sleep-slackened jaw, full lips.

It was in that moment than Angela decided, determined to see this goddess through to the end. To see her older than Ana, children and grandchildren gathered around her. Even if they broke up tomorrow, Fareeha tired of reassuring Angela after every difficult mission, tired of dealing with the doctor’s mood swings that were set off by failed tests or difficult research.

Angela would do everything she could to give at least some sliver of happiness to the woman who was everything to her.

The realization hit Angela hard and she stood, making her way to the balcony door. She glanced back over her shoulder before stepping out onto the breezeway, smiling softly to herself as she watched Fareeha curl around a pillow with a grumble.

Fareeha Amari was her everything. Her dawn, her dusk. Her breath. Her soul.

It was a frightening realization for one to make, especially about someone you’d been in an extended relationship with, but here she was, finally acknowledging it about her Egyptian girlfriend.

She turned, leaning against the railing with a sigh as her eyes traced over the dark water and the rocks below. A firm huff passed her lips as she made herself a promise. Tomorrow she would rehash her nanite research, reinvent the Valkyrie, everything she could to prevent another incident where she had to watch Fareeha fall from the sky, broken, bloody, dead.

A sob shook her as she remembered the sound of her hitting the ground, a sound that would surely haunt her. She was spiraling once more into her melancholy when Fareeha appeared behind her.

“Come back to bed, ya amar.” Fareeha stepped up behind Angela, a kiss to her neck and a hand on her shoulder. Angela tried to smile through her tears, hand moving up to cover

her frigid shoulder, burned cold by the night air. She refused to turn back, to look into Fareeha's room. Her quick sprint through the empty room was nearly too much but she needed, needed, *needed* to be here.

Watery blue eyes cast to the sky, quaking lips moving in a silent prayer as she gripped the railing. Her knees were quivering, her chest fluttering with the pent up rage, anger, fear, pain, hate, suffering.

Guilt.

She was broken.

She was nothing.

In that moment, she was not Doctor Angela Ziegler. She was not a world renown scientist.

She was a shadow of a woman left to suffer in solitude, a shell of a woman mourning the loss of her soul.

She was hating, blaming, cursing herself.

She was broken.

She was nothing.

She tipped herself over the railing.

In that first moment of freefall, she smiled. Her first true smile since entering Fareeha's small off-base home.

In that second moment of freefall, she was reminded of the first leap of trust when testing her Valkyrie as she stepped from the watch tower to Fareeha's waiting Raptora-clad arms.

Angela spread her arms, fingers splayed wide as she grinned.

"I'll fly with you again, Fareeha."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to each and every one of you that stuck with me through this. I hope I haven't let you down with the ending. I've been planning to end it this way since the beginning.

To think this started from a joking "I want a fic where Mercy gets tired of everyone whining about needing heals and just murders everyone." from the wife.

In all seriousness though, suicide is not the answer. It's a permanent solution to a temporary problem. The problem may not seem temporary at the time, but please believe me when I say it very much is. So please, if you or anyone you know needs a hand through their temporary problems, please seek out your local or national suicide hotline.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!